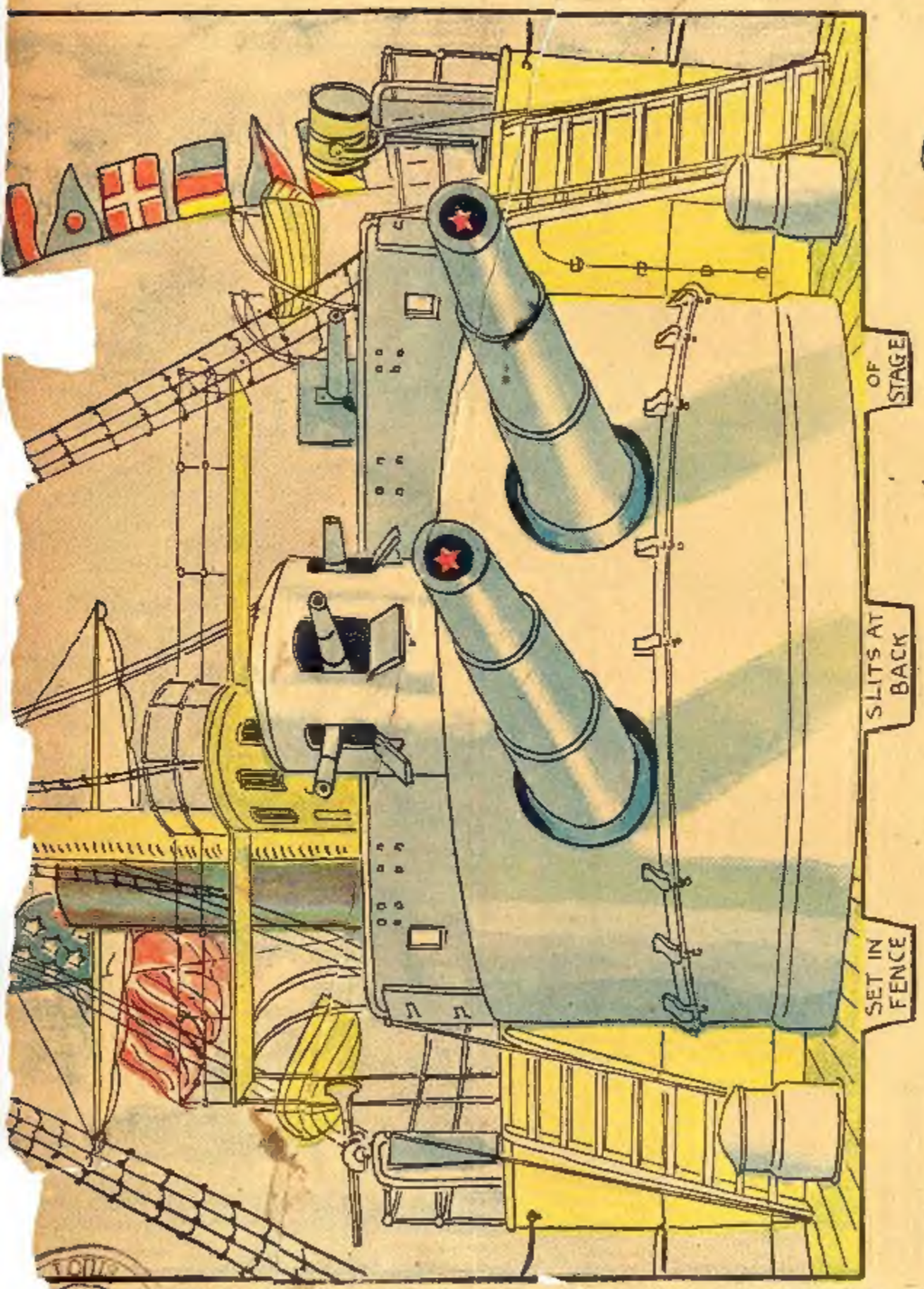
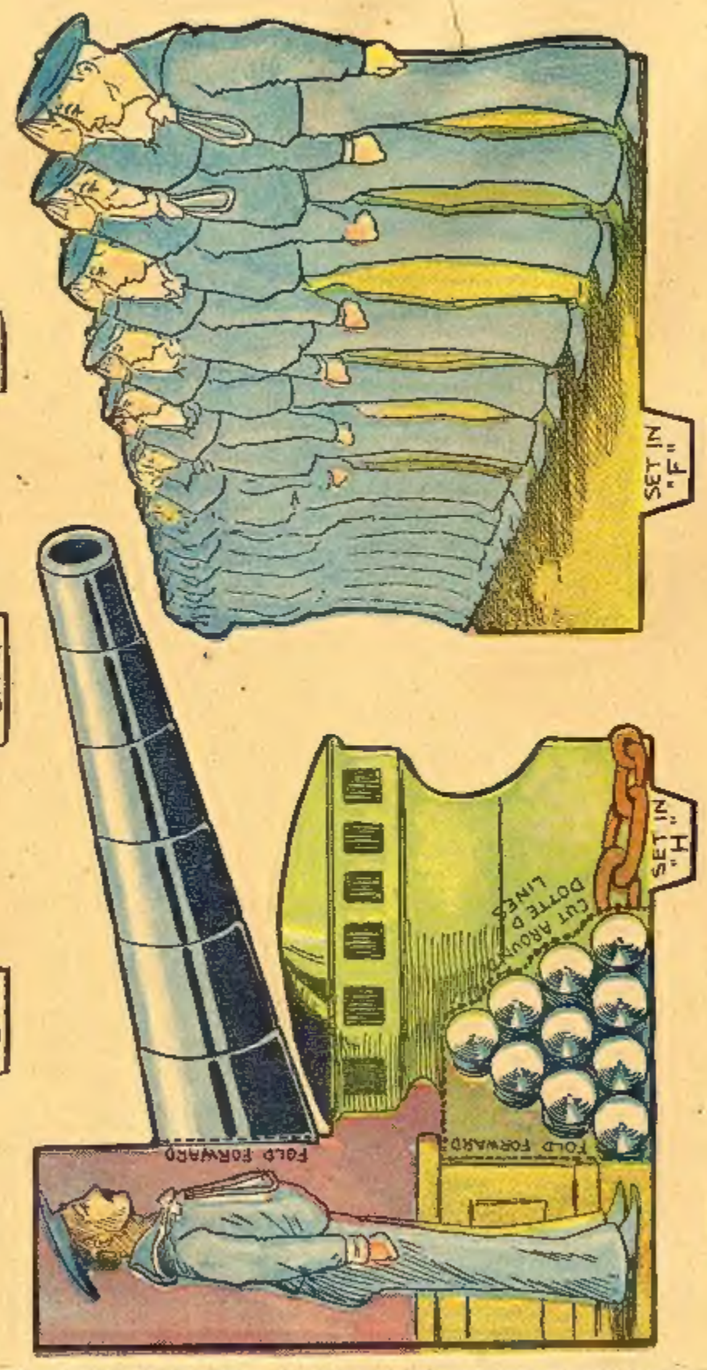
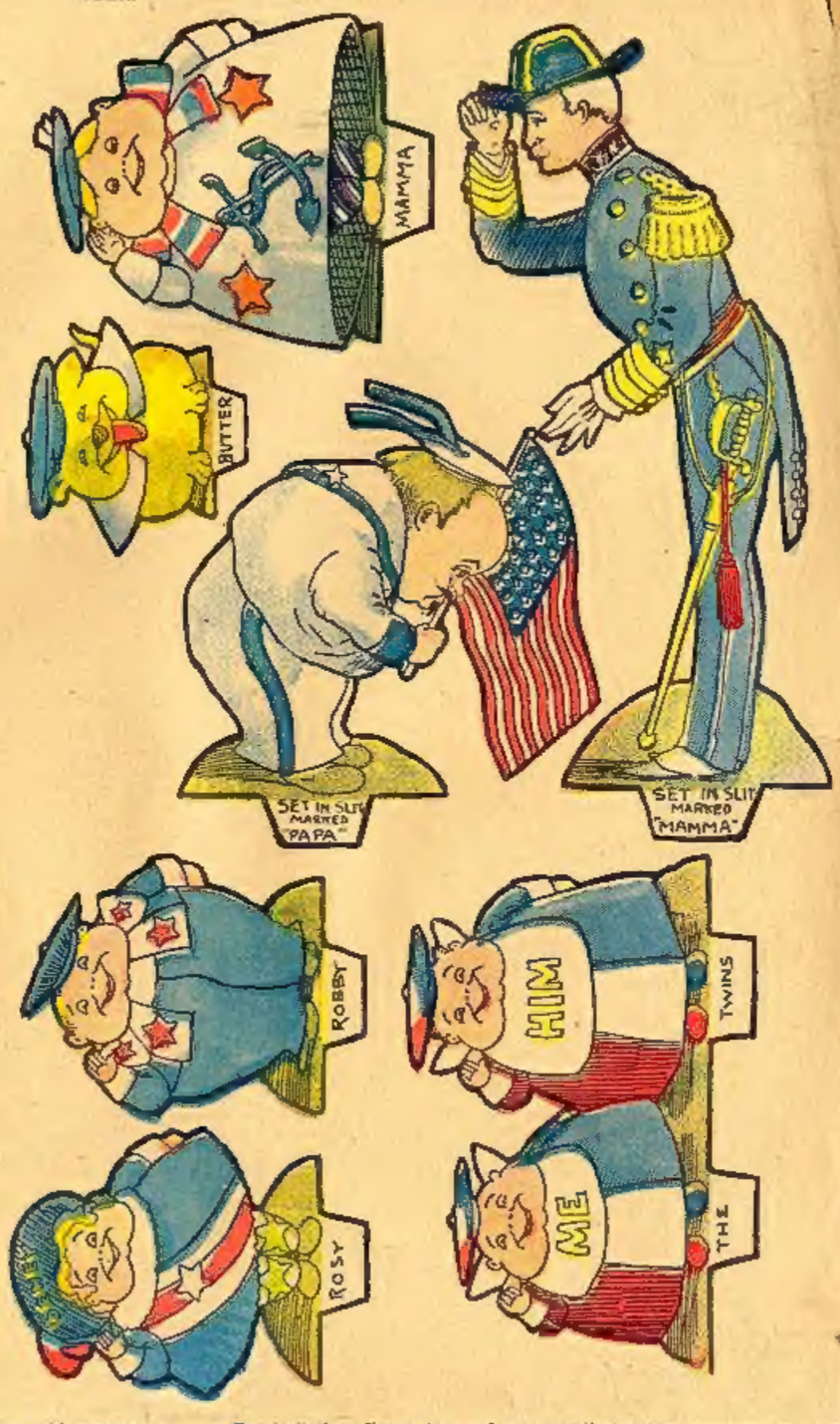
ght, 1899,
s Publishing
w York.

III—THE ROLY POLYS VISIT DEWEY ON THE OLYMPIA.

DIRECTIONS.—Cut out the figures and scenery as before, mounting them on cardboard. the big cannon in left-hand wing forward at dotted line so that it projects across deck. Cut plie of shells at foot of wing and bend forward at straight dotted line, same as cannon. Insc nery and figures in stage slits as marked. PRESERVE ALL PARTS CAREFULLY FOR WEEK.







Roly Poly travellers left the Moonking and his wife,
balloon as natural as life.
ely made, in spite of several storms;
to purchase quick some naval uniforms,
, were bound to see great Dewey down the bay,
that they should be in suitable array.
seen like tars, they waited for the day with meaning fraught

When they should give the Moonking's flag to Dewey, which they'd brought.
At last, one morn, at dawn of day, young Robby loudly cried:
"I see the proud Olympia; so hasten to her side!"
They took a boat and rowed away at such a merry clip
That soon they stood upon the deck of Admiral Dewey's ship.
The hero, dressed in light array, came forward right away,
And shook the Roly Polys' hands and bade them, please, to stay,

He gave them cake and fruit and nuts; he fed them with a vim;
And then papa he made a bow and gave the flag to him.
The Admiral's speech was short and sweet. Said he: "I'm very proud
To take the gift, especially from such a merry crowd!
I'm prouder far to welcomed be by such a merry crew
Than by the Mayor and President and City Council, too!
I'd like to be your honored guest while I shall be on shore,

But invitations I've a ten, and am expecting more.
But really, Roly Polys, you may count me as a friend,
Forever and forever, till this little world shall end.
Go and make your fellows glad, go on, forever smile;
The world for you grows brighter, I am certain, all the while.
I'll watch you in your gay career, whatever you may do!"
And so he will, and so, perhaps, he'll do the same as you.

PAUL WES

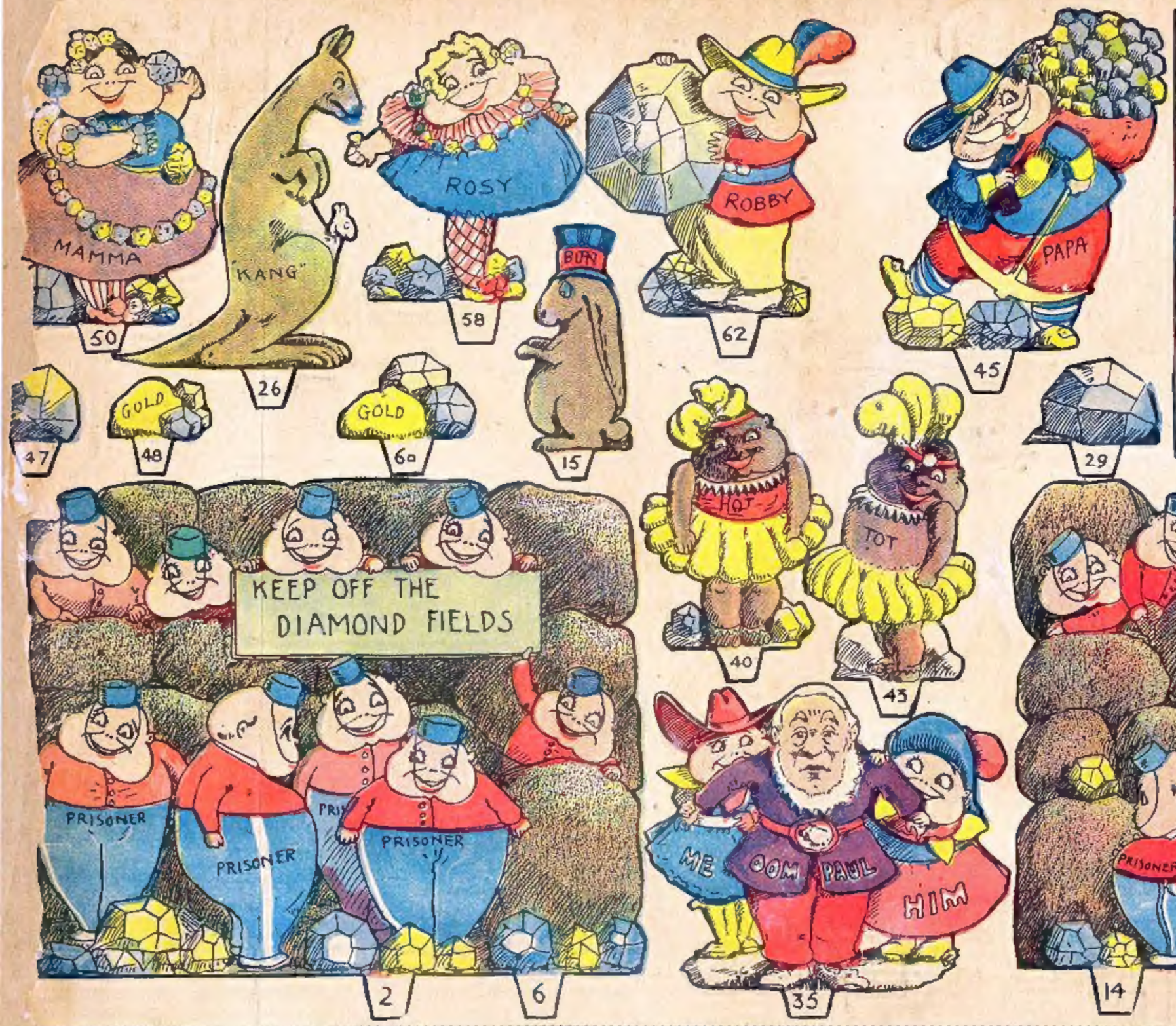
E ROLY POLYS' CAKE-WALK, AND ITS UNDECIDED RESULT.

'RIGHT BY THE PUB- NG CO. ORLD.

Roly Poly family decided they would give
d, old-fashioned cake-walk one fine day.
r issued invitations to their friends and their relations
in them in a swell black-faced soiree.
the swellest, nicest people came acceptances at once,
Dewey and Victoria, as well;
President regretted he'd be absent, and he fratted
man mortal tongue could tell.
tion started with the couples all paired off,
Walking "gallus," bending till they'd like to break,
And the goal of their ambition was a luscious, large edition
Of the pastry cook's best efforts—'twas the cake!
While the little Hokey-Pokeys, who are colored Roly Fols,
Played the music, all the couples stepped the floor.
There was lovely Lillian Russell, and our Chauncey, who did hustle
To beat Roosevelt, as he never worked before.
Queen Victoria trod sedately, with a certain queenly grace,
While Papa did the honors by her side.
Little Rosy was a hummer, but so was Rosy's mamma,
And Robby with his smile so bright and wide.
Grin, the Roly cat, was present, with his eyes upon the cake,
And Butter, just as stylish as the rest.
And clever little Bunny, who was very, very funny,
With a bright blue satin ribbon on his breast.
Down the floor would walk a couple, treading lightly as could be.
They would bend and sway and twist themselves about,
Till the cake they thought they'd captured, and the crowd would cheer enraptured.
Till another pair would put the prike in doubt.
First it seemed exceeding certain that the cake would go to Pa,
But Victoria had a twinkling sort of gait,
And the airy, fairy Lillian at cake-walking proved a villain,
While others did as well, I'm free to state.
So at last they held a conclave and they voted who should take
The cake, among that clever, graceful crew.
But though all night they tried it, they couldn't well decide it—
Perhaps you can. The judgment is for you!

PAUL WEST.

THE ROLY POLYS GO TO THE BOER WAR AND CAPTURE A DIAMOND MINE.



Paul West

THE ROLY POLYS GO TO THE WAR.

As first in peace, our little friends are also first in war,
And hurried off to Africa when England met the Boers.
It was not their idea to kill the English or the Dutch
But money was an article they all required much.
They knew the mines where diamonds shine they easily could capture,
And so they started, fully armed, in gayety and rapture.
They went to call on old Oom Paul, and took him pris'ner quickly.
Then hurried to the diamond mines and piled up treasure thickly.
They met a lot of British troops held prisoners by the Boers;
They set them free immediately, to fight in other wars,
Then hurried off for home again, adventures to present
Next Sunday in the pages of the Comic Supplement.

PAUL WEST.

Dear Children: The Roly Poly Man's request for letters and suggestions from you has met with an overwhelming response. He is simply deluged with your letters, and thanks you sincerely for your words of kindness. To-day he prints a few, a very few, of the first letters received, but next Sunday will publish more. In the mean time those of you who have not already written are invited to do so. The Roly Polys' Christmas surprise will be ready for you all soon. Watch for it. Sincerely yours,

THE ROLY POLY MAN.

Dear Roly Poly Man:
You would like to have us suggest some more adventures for the Roly Polys. I have cut out the others and have enjoyed them very much. I would like to see the Roly Polys crossing the Brooklyn Bridge or skating.
I remain the Roly Polys' friend,
HAROLD SLATER.
13 Ward street, Orange, N. J.

Dear Roly Poly Man:
I like the Roly Polys very much, and think they are very funny. I would like to see the way they would act on a merry-go-round. Yours truly, WILLIE BREENE, age 7 years.
Portchester, N. Y.

Dear Roly Poly Man:
I have saved all your Roly Polys and like to play with them very much, and I would suggest you let them have a wedding. Your little friend,
HENRIETTA WRIGHT.
406 West Fifty-seventh street, New York City.

Dear Roly Poly Man:
I have been doing the Roly Polys every Sunday and I think it is very nice, and to try to help you out I will name a few of the scenes I think appropriate. The balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet," Dewey's marriage, reception and wedding. Yours, ED HARSHENHROCK, age 16.
1302 Wright street, St. Louis.